

## The Merry Cuckold.

Who frolickly taking what chance doth befall,  
Is very well pleased with Wife, Hornes and all,  
To the tune of, The merry Cuckold.



**Y**ou married men  
Whom Fate hath assigned,  
To marry with them  
that are too much kind,  
I earn as I do,  
to beare with your wives,  
All you that doe so,  
shall live merry lives.

I have a Wife  
so wanton and so free,  
That she as her life,  
loves one besides me,  
What if she doe,  
I care not a pin,  
Abroad I will goe,  
when my rivall comes in.

I can be merry  
and drinke away care,  
With Claret and Serry  
and delicate fare,  
My Wife has a Trade,  
that will maintain me,  
What though it be said,  
that a Cuckold I be.

While she at home  
is taking her pleasure,  
Abroad I do roome,  
consuming her treasure.  
Of all that she gets,  
I share a good share,  
She payes all my debts,  
then for what should I care.

She keeps me brave,  
and gallant in cloathing,  
All things I have,  
I do want for nothing,  
Therefore I continue,  
and winke at her faults,  
And daily I strive,  
against jealous assaults.

While for small gaines:  
my neighbours worke hard,  
I live (by her meanes)  
and never regard,  
The troubles and cares,  
that belong to this life,  
I spend what few baxes:  
gramercy good Wife.

Should I be jealous,  
as other men are,  
My breath like to bellows,  
the fire of care  
Would blow and augment,  
therefore I thinke it best,  
To be well content,  
though I were Vulcans crest.

Many a time  
upbraided I am,  
Some say I must dine,  
at the Bill of the Rammes:  
Those that do icere  
cannot do as I may,  
In wine, Ale and Beere,  
spend a noble a day.



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## The Second part.

## To the same Tune.



I By experience,  
rightly do know:  
That no strife or variance,  
(causes of woe)  
Can make a wife  
so bent to little chaff,  
Thou in stead of strife,  
let patience be plac't,

If a man had  
all Argus his eyes,  
A wife that is bad,  
will something devise,  
To gill him to's face,  
then what boozes mistrust,  
The homes to disgrace,  
though weare it I must,

He be content  
with this my hard chance,  
And in merriment  
my head I le aduance.  
Wishing I were  
but as rich as some men,  
Whose wines shall appeare,  
yet they I kisse now and then.

One trying to me,  
a great comfort is,  
Still quiet is she,  
though I do amisse,  
She dares do no other,  
because she knowes well,  
That gently I sooother,  
what most men would tell.

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FINIS

If I should raue,  
her minde would not alter  
Her loving she will haue,  
though't be in a halter.  
Then see that I get  
good gaites by her vice,  
I will not her let,  
but take share of the price.

Why should I wepe,  
and pine in dispaire,  
I know that her teare,  
are all brittle ware,  
And he that gets one  
who constant abides,  
Obtaines that which none,  
or but few haue besides.

Yet will I not,  
accuse my wife,  
For nothing is got,  
by railing, but strife,  
I am mine owne sence.  
intending no wrong,  
So Cuckold no? Quaint  
will care for this song.

But a merry wife,  
that's honest I know it,  
As deare as her life,  
will sure loue the poets  
And he that's no Cuckold  
in Countrey or City,  
Howeuer if lucke hold,  
will buy this our Ditty.